

Experienced officials are worth money to Malheur County Taxpayers

VOTE FOR—
VIRGIL B. STAPLES

Republican Nominee for
COUNTY CLERK

Eighteen Years Business Experience in Malheur County

For an economical administration of public business

VOTE FOR—
C. C. MUELLER

Republican Nominee
COUNTY TREASURER

VALE

OREGON

VOTE FOR—
R. W. SWAGLER

Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Considers a public office a position of trust

VOTE FOR—

L. E. HILL

Republican nominee for
COUNTY ASSESSOR

Second Term

Your support will be appreciated



Lou Tellegin in the "The Unknown" Saturday, October 14 at Dreamland

Finnegan's Philosophy

BALAAM

Well do I mind the story, said Finnegan. Balaam was a highbrow that knowed less than his Jackass. He took an office to curse the people. The Jackass saved them. 'Tis all in Numbers Twenty-two. Och hone! 'Tis different these times. The Jackass knew better till Balaam tamed him.

"Lave me ride ye," says Balaam, "an' I'll make ye the biggest Ass in the world."

"Great," says the Ass; "what d'ye feed?"

"Pork," says Balaam.

"Me savior," says the Ass.

So Balaam mounts. But soon the Jack balks.

"Phwat is it?" says Balaam.

"Snakes," says the Ass; "It looks like the jawbone uv me mother."

"G'wan," says Balaam, "littin' the Ass a clip, 'tis me furren' policy," he says.

"Phwat's ut for?" axes the Ass.

"Ut defends the nashun," says Balaam.

"How?" says the Ass.

"Faith," says Balaam, "it takes a bigger Ass than you to know that Lave it to Balaam," says Balaam to the Ass; an' the Jack walks on meddlin'.

"Hee, haw," says the Ass, baltin' an' kiltin'.

"Phwat now?" says Balaam.

"Divil a Jackass ever seen the like," says the Ass. "Ut could be a frog," says he, "for ut stands up in front, an' sits down behind; an' 'tis mostly mouth," says the Ass. "Ut has white feathers," says the Jack, "wid yaller streaks, that changes," he says. "To Very Crook Red, or Nigamar Blue, an' now they're Carrysall Yaller again," says he. "Hivins, have I been drinkin'?" screams the Ass to Balaam.

"Saints be praised," says Balaam, "Me Watchful Waitin' can still change its mind," he says. "G'wan, where glory waits," he says. "G'wan, in the service uv Mankind," says Balaam to the Ass, touchin' him up. An' the Ass shuffles ahead, wavin' his ears in admiration.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" says the Jack, rearin' up wid his eyes bulgin'.

"Phwat's grippin' ye now?" says Balaam, impashunt like.

"I donno," says the Ass. "Ut looks like the Flyin' Dutchman wid a Socialist Crew," he says.

"'Tis me Ship Bill," says Balaam.

"Side step to the right," he says; "side step to the left," says he, weltn' him.

"Back up," says Balaam, near wrenchin' off the Jack's jaw. "Now forward for the Merchant Marine an' fifty millyun pork," says Balaam wid a shower uv blows; an' the Ass goes on thremblin'.

"Wah-hee! Wah-hee! Wah-hee!" says the Jack, shyin' so he near threw his rider.

"I'll learn ye to shy at me Naval Bill," says Balaam, jar-rupin' the baste so he cud scarce stand.

"Ye can't pass ut widout wearin' Republican clothes," says the Jack in a coarse whisper.

"Ye Ass," says Balaam. "Don't ye know that anny cloes is better uor nakedness? G'wan," says Balaam, in tones uv thunder. So the poor baste lopes on, limpin' wid pain.

I've not time to tell ye all the adventures they had, but they kep' on over rough roads, now an' then crossin' a ditch on a wan term plank, which made even Balaam unaisy. Ivery time the Jack kicked, he got short rations an' a wallop. So when the Journey was near over, the poor baste was all in, and far too proud to fight. Any Jack Ass can be that when he's licked.

Wan stormy night, the Jack blooms into a harmony like a Dimycrat Tariff Hymn played on a gaspipe wid the feet.

"Phwat ails ye now?" calls Balaam, clubb'n' him wid both hands.

"Nivver did I pass the like," yells the Ass, sweat'n' and thrembl'n'. "Ut says ut's an eight hour law. Oh, phwat is ut?" screams the Ass to Balaam, feebly wagglin' his ears.

"I dinno phwat ut is meself," says Balaam, "but I know phwat ut's got," Balaam says.

"Phwat?" axes the poor Ass.

"Five hundther thousand votes," says Balaam, wid a pious air. "G'wan, ye big Ass, an' doant ye argue wid an Idyalist," says Balaam to the Ass.

"We can't pass ut in the dark," pleads

the Ass. "Lave us wait for light," moans the Ass, weepin'.

"Nix," says Balaam. "There's a hot time comin' an' the votes'll spile. Do ye thirst for sixteen more years in the wilderness? Giddip," says he, "purgin' ye'r heart," says Balaam, "iv ivry thought that's selfish," says Balaam, "or personal," phints Balaam to the poor Ass baltin' the Jack's shits wid a couplin' pin.

By this time, the Ass was so wore out wid his ardyent Laves, that he knew no more than Balaam himself. So, wid one desperatin' cry, he dropped his ears, as he an' his master stumbled forward into the dark.

SURRENDER TO FORCE

WOULD TEND TO

DISASTER.

"That kind of virus in our life—

surrender to force—would bring

us no end of disaster. If we let

capitalists or workmen, any

interest, learn the way to

get what is well earned by apply-

ing pressure and we continue

in that course for a few years,

democracy will be a failure, and

we might as well give up our

force of government." — Mr.

Hughes in his Speech at Port-

land, Maine.

FARMERS PAY BOARD.

BILL FOR JACK RABBITS

A year ago J. A. Ward, a government biologist working in the agricultural department, caught 100 Jack rabbits and conducted a series of experiments at Twin Falls, Idaho, which was a revelation. He determined by these 100 rabbits that in twelve

months time 1000 of them would eat 127 tons, or 274,000 pounds of food. And it was also proven that practically the entire amount of food consumed by them was farmers' products.

Residents of Crook and Lake counties favor placing a bounty of five cents on them as proposed in those counties at the fall election. Harney county has been successful in practically exterminating them by this

method. The first year \$35,000 spent in the work. This has been decreasing constantly. The dollars saved to the county is many times the cost of killing the rabbits. The bounty was placed on the entire crops were destroyed.

The Bend Press says that the census Harney county has had with bounty system should induce Crook and Lake counties to follow suit.

Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



PRINCE ALBERT

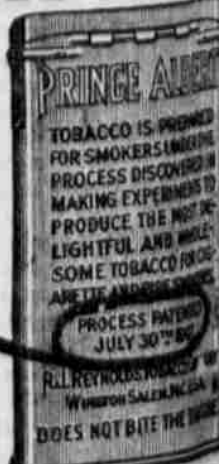
the national joy smoke

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tin. It shows the "Patented Process" which makes Prince Albert so different from other tobaccos. It does not bite the tongue.